

Worldes Blis (phonetic version)

World-es blis ne last no-o thro-ow-a;
it wit and went a-away ano-on.

The langer that hit chik kit now-a,
the lass say fin-de pris tharo-on;

for al it is inmend mid car-a,
mid sor-en and mid-avel far-a,

and at-te last-e-povre n bar-a it lat mon,
wan it ginth agon.

Al the blis-a this heer and thar-a
bilooke a-t end-a wop and mon.

Agincourt Song

Our King went forth to Normandy,
With grace and might of chivalry;
The God for him wrought marv'lously,
Where-fore England may call and cry:

Deo gratias:
Deo gratias Anglia
redde pro Victoria.

The gracious God now save our King,
His people and all his well willing:
Give him good life and good ending,
That we with mirth may safely sing.

Deo gratias:
Deo gratias Anglia
Redde pro Victoria.